

## The Peace of God

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TEXT—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14:27

Never was the world of mankind needing peace as today, and the same might be said of the individual. The late war was but an emphasis on this lack of peace, and although the collision of forty millions of men is not now heard, men are still struggling physically in many parts of the world, and the political, social and religious world is still in great confusion.

The peace of the text is not peace with God. As has frequently been said by students of the Word of God, there is a "peace with God," and a "peace of God." We believe that the peace of this text is the latter. The disciples of Jesus probably quite fully understood what the "peace with God" was, but they did not know the "peace of God." "Peace with God" is quite legal; while the peace referred to here has to do with man's experience.

Quite uniformly through all the history of Christian experience, we have testimony to this. The Psalmist says, "Great peace have they that love thy law." The prophet Isaiah had the same idea when he said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Jesus sometimes spoke to his disciples that they might have peace although they already had peace with God. Paul wrote to the Philippian Christians of the "peace of God that passeth all understanding," and prays for the Thessalonian Christians that the "God of peace give them peace." This peace spoken of in all these passages was certainly a peace of experience, and the Christian does very wrong who permits himself to be perturbed and agitated, and is bound to maintain in all his experience the spirit of peace.

### The Peace That the World Gives.

In the text Jesus said that the world gives peace. This may be questioned by some at first thought, but it is a fact that there is pleasure in sin. The world does give what we may fairly call peace, although temporarily.

Now Jesus says that there is a difference between the peace of the world and the peace he gives. The world gives only to the lowest part of man, the flesh. The world never gives except for pay, therefore, really never gives. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A man who yields to the world must remember that the world is a Shylock, and will demand the pound of flesh. Furthermore, the world never satisfies. John Ruskin has said that, the satieties of the flesh belong to the bitter experience of men. There is a momentary pleasure in sin to the normal man, but this pleasure does not reach the deeper nature of man, and cannot therefore satisfy.

### The Peace That Jesus Gives.

Jesus Christ said that he did not give as the world gives, and running the parallel, we may say that he gives to the highest part of man, that is, he gives to the spiritual. In the last year and a half of our Lord's life he was in the midst of all kinds of opposition, but he always maintained a spirit of quietness. His spirit prevailing over the flesh; and he would have his followers have the same experience.

Jesus literally gives his peace to the world, asking nothing in return. He said, "I give unto them eternal life," and "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This peace of Christ satisfies. The Psalmist said, "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." This peace enabled Job to say in the midst of his many troubles, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." President William McKinley as he lay dying repeated the words, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."

This Peace Tested by Jesus Himself. This peace is God's own peace. Whatever commotion there may be on the earth, or indeed in the universe, God is calm and at peace, and this peace was the peace that Jesus Christ himself tested on this earth. "My peace I give unto you." That peace sustained him before the mob that attacked him in Gethsemane; when he stood before Pilate and Herod; as he gazed on the crowds about the cross mocking him, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Those who are not Christians should first experience the peace with God, which is secured by faith in Jesus Christ, and afterwards have this peace of God, the peace of which Jesus spoke in the text.

### No Bad Habits to Unlearn.

In no place is this obedience, which we have all such great need to learn somewhere, to be learnt so easily and with so little suffering, as in our father's house, in childhood. For then we have no habits to unlearn.—Augustus W. Hare.

# The MYSTERY of HARTLEY HOUSE

by Clifford S. Raymond  
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## THAT'S DOBSON.

Synopsis.—Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semi-invalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reticent. Jed, the butler, acts like a privileged member of the family. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, a "haunted pool," and many watch-dogs, and an atmosphere of mystery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Dobson, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Dobson. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night. Doctor John fixes his door so he can't be locked in. He meets Isobel, daughter of the house and falls in love at first sight. In the night he finds the butler drunk and holding Mrs. Sidney by the wrist. He interferes. Mrs. Sidney makes light of it. John buys a revolver. John overhears Jed telling Mrs. Sidney he will have his way. In reply she says she will not hesitate to kill him. Mrs. Sidney asks John to consent to the announcement of his engagement to Isobel. The young people consent to the make-believe engagement. Later they find it is to head off Jed, who would marry Isobel. Jed tries to kill John, but the matter is smoothed over. John, though "engaged" to Isobel, conceals his love.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Our charming old gentleman could not go through the entire institution, and the warden led him to the most accessible parts of the interesting place. We saw the rattan-chair works and the honor men in the gardens. We also took one glance at a tier of cell-houses and peeped into the dining-hall and into the chapel.

The warden would have had us stay to dinner.

I had to forbid this. It would have been too much of a physical strain upon Mr. Sidney. I knew that the little diversion was interesting him, and I was glad to have him interested, but I did not want to tax his strength.

"I'm the doctor's servant," he said. "I'll look into the library if you don't mind, warden, and then we'll obey the physician."

Warden Williams led us to the library, which contained a large collection of books. An elderly convict was engaged in cataloguing some new volumes which had just been taken out of boxes. He was interested and paid no attention to us.

Mr. Sidney looked at him for a few minutes.

"What did you say was his crime?" he asked of the warden.

"That's Dobson," said Mr. Williams. "You must know his story. He is the man who killed his brother. You are living in the Dobson house."

I looked at the frail, white-haired man with a sudden shock of interest. This was the man who had created the ghost story at Hartley house. He was fumbling registry cards and writing on them. He was frail and insignificant. He had been once, by legend, a sturdy, muscular, cruel brute. He was now feeble and interested in cataloguing.

Mr. Sidney looked about the room.

"This does not seem to be so well protected as the other parts of the prison," he said.

"It is not thought necessary," said the warden. "Escape from here might not be impossible for an agile man. It



"He is the Man Who Killed His Brother."

is not impossible from any part of the prison. It can only be made improbable. It would be easier from here, but still difficult. But this old man would be to a harder prison of deprivation and friendlessness outside than he is inside."

"Do you mean that he is the man who made the ghost story I bought with my house?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"That's all there is human of your ghost story," said the warden. "It is more than most ghost stories have," said Mr. Sidney.

## CHAPTER V.

I could not believe the slightest particle in the ghost story. I am rationalistic. But as the legend of the pond took shape, my imagination began to give substance to its shadows.

Yet the place was genial and cordial. Mr. Sidney's joviality was the dominant note in the house. An aging sick man might naturally have been testy. He might have been impatient, have had whims and crochets. He might have been irascible in his demands upon and acceptance of service. But Mr. Sidney was always cordial and considerate. A great deal of the time he spent in bed. When he was not in bed, he sat in a great chair, and very often a yellow Persian cat rested on his knees. It was a difficult if not dangerous matter for any one else than Mr. Sidney to touch the cat, named Algol.

"The Winking Demon," said Mr. Sidney, fingering the cat's ruff as it lay on his lap, and purred. I knew just enough of the star Algol and its variability to understand the whimsicality of an old man's naming a cat for the winking sun. Algol in Mr. Sidney's lap blinked at me, and the old man's genius for understanding and classification seemed uncanny.

Mr. Sidney's room was of great size. It had two fireplaces and a large cove of windows bulging toward the west. At the smaller of the two fireplaces he had his breakfast. Either at the large fireplace or in the outward bulge of windows, he had his dinner.

In spite of the Persian cat, Mr. Sidney had three canaries in the room. Algol respected them after a fashion that I thought uncertain. I have seen a canary sitting on the cat's head, but I thought it was a decided case of misplaced confidence. Algol wanted that canary and would continue to want it. He was deterred from natural action in the matter by his affection for the strange but kindly master who wanted cats and canaries to live together in amity.

I know I never fully grasped Mr. Sidney's scheme of life, but I thought that he found existence ironic. His graciousness and his cheerfulness, I thought, represented the garlands of his conquest of morbidity. His personal charm was extraordinary. Every one in the house felt it. But an astonishing thing about Mr. Sidney was an occasional emotion which, as it manifested itself in his expressions—and that was the only fashion I saw it for a long time—was one of savage hate.

It was only by coming on him when he was not expecting me that I saw this. I remember that the first time I saw the expression on his face I was dumfounded. That I was not expected in his room was entirely without intention on my part. People who were accustomed to being with him walked into the room without ceremony. His bedroom and bath were to one side. His living-room he insisted should be open without formality.

On the occasion I speak of I had come quietly, but it was without intention to surprise my patient. He was sitting in his large chair with Algol on his knees. His eyes were closed, and on his face was an expression of malevolence that was almost demonic. It was so startling that the sight of it stopped me in my step and made me feel more than uneasy, almost afraid. Mr. Sidney was quiet, except that with one hand he stroked Algol about the head and ears. The creature was almost imperceptible in motion, but Algol was purring so loudly that the sound filled the otherwise quiet room.

The malevolence—the malignancy, hatred, concentrated essence of ferocity—in Mr. Sidney's face would have stopped anyone. To one who had affection for him as I had, it was a horror to see him so. It was a confession of something I did not want to know.

I was in fear that he might hear me and, opening his eyes, find that I had discovered him. I was embarrassed and uncertain what to do. It was a silly predicament, as I saw afterward. My part was quite simple. I should have paid no attention to any such phenomenon as the expression on a man's face and have acted perfectly naturally.

The common-sense thing—and I consider myself fairly sensible—was apparent afterward. It indicates the astonishing shock of the thing that I was unable to act sensibly. What was the expression in an amiable, charming man's face, to knock a sensible person out of all his senses? Here was a dozing man merely toying with a cat's ears, and the very sight of what was expressed in his face, made me numb. I cannot understand it now, the terrifying sensation being one which disappeared as the recollection of the emotions faded. What I did was to back toward the door, open it as quietly as I could, back out, and then re-enter the room noisily.

Mr. Sidney was looking at me smil-

ingly. His charm of manner never seemed more positive and active.

"Hello, doctor!" he said. "I needed company and just your company. If you would only drink wine!"

A broken pipe in the laundry made it necessary to call a plumber from Hartley, and to get quick service, it was agreed that we should send a car for the man and his helper.

The day was pleasant, and for the sake of the drive I went with the driver. The plumber was a fat man of the comic type. I thought he must be the embodiment of all the plumbers' jokes. They seemed to have created him; he was the product of the comies.

I even asked him if he were sure he had all his tools. I thought he would be sure to send us back for a wrench. He was amiable, laughed at anything or nothing and was saved from being a nuisance only by an abounding animal optimism which was infectious.

Driving through the Hartley house grounds, we came to the pool, and the plumber—named Harkins—chuckled. Thus far, whenever he or something else amused him, he had laughed. Now he chuckled as if in recollection of an experience richer or deeper than any he had been talking of.

"That place is going to be remembered by me," he said. "I have been out here only once since the night I made a bet I was not afraid to sit on the bank here for an hour. They've got a good many stories of this place in town. I had been drinking a little. I don't do it steady, but once in a while I get out. You've got to do it to keep the house going happy. Give the wife something to talk about. My wife would rather scold me than eat, and she loves her food."

"We were at the White Pigeon, having a good time but thinking of going home, when some one started on this Hartley house story. Everybody had something to say, and I said that there was no ghost that could scare me, at least no ghost that ever was within a hundred miles of Hartley. That's where I made a fool of myself. I've got to admit that's where I made a fool of myself."

"I bet five dollars I would sit an hour on the bank at this place. I forgot all about the dogs, or I'd not have made the bet. Anyway, they didn't bother me. We got an automobile and drove out here. The fellows left me at the pool and went a mile back. They were going to take my word for it. I was to stay an hour and then start walking back. At the end of an hour they would start toward me and pick me up. They had beer and sandwiches. I had a couple of bottles and some cheese and crackers."

"I wasn't afraid of that place. I'm not afraid of any place unless I get to thinking about this one. It was along in October. A hoot-owl was somewhere back of me, and there was a whippoorwill up toward the house."

"I'm used to hoot-owls and whippoorwills, but I hadn't drunk more than half a bottle of beer before even these things began to sound different."

"The current of the river kept knocking at the big rock at the up end of the pool, and you began to think that things were reaching for you out of the dark. I'd have given ten dollars to quit, but I got so that I didn't want to move. I felt safer sitting still."

"Then I began to hear things that I don't suppose were making a noise at all. It may be it was rabbits in the bush. I nearly died when I heard a cry about fifty feet back of me. I did hear that. I guess a ferret had got a rabbit. You know how a rabbit cries—like a baby."

"I was sitting in the open, and I thought I'd feel better if I got my back up against something. So I crawled over to some bushes and sat down behind them."

"Maybe I had been there a half an hour, feeling scary and uncomfortable, when I heard a regular yell. There wasn't any fooling about that. It sounded like some one being hurt but yelling not so much because of the hurt as because he was mad."

"You've heard fellows talking about their hair standing on end. I never knew what it really meant before, but my hair just stood right up. I felt like some one was trying to scalp me, and I was gooseflesh all over."

"It had been dark on account of clouds, but just then the moon came out and lighted up the place. There was a man standing on the edge of the pool, just about where I had been sitting. He was leaning with both hands on a cane and standing perfectly still. He didn't seem like a man. He looked like one, but you had a feeling that he wasn't one."

"I don't want ever to be so scared again. I didn't know who had yelled, but I thought this man had, and I didn't think he was a man. I thought he was a ghost. I'm not saying what I think now, but if I had to, I'd say that I saw the ghost of this place—and anybody that wants to laugh can laugh. He can come down here at night and get cured of laughing."

"I couldn't move for a while. The man stood still, leaning on his cane. I watched him until I began to feel that I could use my legs again. I don't know why I was so scared, but I was. I crawled away through the brush for a hundred feet or so. Then I got up and ran."

"I heard that yell behind me again. I'll bet nobody around here ever ran a mile as fast as I did. I scared the fellows who were waiting for me. They didn't poke any fun at me. They looked at me and got that automobile started. I paid the bet, but they didn't have any laugh on me. There isn't one of them would come down here at night now."

"When was this?" I asked.

"Four or five years ago," said the plumber. "Some time in October."

We came to the house, and he went into the laundry to fix the pipes.

"It doesn't look haunted around here," he said as he perceived the tangible joviality of the place, "but you've got to get me out before dark."

That was virtually the complete substance of the Hartley house ghost—the picture of a man leaning on a cane by the edge of the river. Romance had to be content with it.

One evening in late October, which had turned chill and brought up a high wind, Mr. Sidney produced a new phenomenon. He had a strange flash of strength. When I went to his room after dinner I found him walking about without help. Ordinarily, if he walked at all, Jed was his strength.

"Occasionally I can do it, doctor," he said. "The strength comes. I usually pay for it next day, however."

"I'd be very careful, then," I suggested.

"Yes, but you do not know how grateful it is to feel vigor once in a while," he said, continuing to walk forth and back in the room.

I sat down and watched him without remonstrating. It was astonishing to see him so agile and strong but I had learned that timid prudence was very ineffective. I had confessed my inability to understand him.

He did not seem to want to continue life for the purpose of preserving its sensations but for the purpose of some accomplishment. His conditions were so pleasant that it might be reasonable to desire a prolonging of them. Evi-



"What Are We Drinking Tonight, Jed?"

dently he was not set upon that. He was not trying to accomplish anything. He did nothing. He had no unfinished work. And yet his will to live, I knew, was a will to see the fruit of something. He seemed to have a spiritual incentive; something that had other than a physical impulse controlled him and gave him resolution.

I was marveling at his strange activity when Isobel and Mrs. Sidney came in. Mr. Sidney proposed whist, and we began a game. The wind increased in violence, and the log fire grew in comfort. We had a pleasant game, disturbed for me only by speculations as to the cause of Mr. Sidney's strange animation and strength.

Shortly after ten o'clock the ladies said good night, and Jed came in with a fresh log for the fire. The wind had been increasing in volume, sound and power. I was thinking of bed.

"Sit a while longer, doctor," Mr. Sidney urged. "Jed and I shall be the better for some other company. This is the sort of night we like to sit up to enjoy. Esthetically one ought to make the most of such a night."

Jed went out and presently came in again with two bottles of wine.

"What are we drinking tonight, Jed?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"I thought the evening suggested a warm sherry," said Jed.

"I think it does," said Mr. Sidney. "There is body and a live soul in sherry."

"But certainly," I suggested in alarm, "you will not drink sherry."

"Indeed not," said Mr. Sidney. "Jed drinks it for me, and I watch him. You must have a glass with him—just one. He'll have a dozen—I don't ask you to follow him—but just one."

Jed opened a bottle, and when he offered me a glass I yielded. I wanted to increase the sense of protective comforts against that shrill wind outside.

Jed drew a comfortable chair close to the fire and took his wine in large but appreciative gulps. I took mine in small but appreciative sips. The fire roared, and the wind howled.

Jed, drinking by gulps, soon was exhilarated. Mr. Sidney and I had been rational. We had been talking, I recall, of the substitution of a Syrian idea of immortality, concerned chiefly with precious metals and stones, for the north European idea of Valhalla, when Jed began to sing, and with gusto and affection opened another bottle of wine. The wind grew in violence.

"It is a night for any of the living dead about a place," I said.

"I like a wind that has many voices," said Mr. Sidney. "It produces certain sensations or emotions that are primitive. It suggests a threat and increases the sense of shelter and comfort. We sit like peasants about the fireplace and are inclined to legends."

## Story of the Dobson Murder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sometime we may have an ideal legislature—one that will repeal more laws than it passes.

# FARM ANIMALS

## SIMPLE FORM OF ORGANIZING

No Capital Is Required, Farmers of Community Meeting and Selecting Officers.

The simple form of organization that suffices for co-operative live-stock shipping associations is one of their leading features. In the first place, practically no capital is required, since payment is not made to members for stock shipped until the returns are received from the market. To organize, it is necessary only that the farmers of a community meet together, adopt a simple constitution and by-laws, and elect officers and a board of directors, who in turn appoint a manager.

Although in order to transact business it is not necessary for an association of this nature to incorporate under the state laws, it is advisable to do so as a protection to the members. If not incorporated, the organization, as such, can not sue or be sued, and in case of the loss of stock from railroad wrecks or other cause the manager could not enforce claims for the association, but each shipper would be compelled to present claims for his own losses. The cost of incorporating is comparatively small—usually not more than \$10.

The United States department of agriculture will furnish, on request, the essentials of a model constitution and by-laws.

## ENTIRE ABSENCE OF SCRUBS

Ohio Breeder, Recently Enrolled for "Better Sires" Keeps Nothing But Purebreds.

With the gradually increasing enrollment in the "Better Sires" movement, the United States department of agriculture notes unusual interest in registration of sires. Many enrollment blanks on which breeding stock is reported contain the name and registry number of stock, although such information is not specifically asked for. A recent enrollment from a live stock



An Ohio Purebred Shorthorn Bull.

owner in Athens county, Ohio, shows that all his sires—a Shorthorn bull, a Berkshire boar, and a Delaware ram—were registered stock of good quality. In addition he kept a registered collie dog. Furthermore, his Rhode Island Red poultry were all standard-bred.

The result of using purebred sires is shown by the entire absence of scrubs on the farm. All the female animals listed were grades, cross breeds or pure breeds.

## FORAGE SUPERIOR FOR HOGS

Extremely High Prices Make It Profitable to Substitute Grass Crops for Grain.

With the present extremely high prices of grain it is profitable to substitute, as far as possible, forage crops for grain feeds. A saving of 15 to 25 per cent of the total amount of grain and supplements may be expected through the use of forage. Pasture crops, when combined with grain feeds, will produce the cheapest rations for both breeding and fattening hogs, and the cost of gains will range from one-sixth to one-fourth cheaper than when the grain is fed in a dry lot.

It may be possible, in some cases, with an abundance of good forage, to obtain fairly satisfactory gains for a time on such forage alone, but the greatest returns have been obtained when grain was fed in addition to the forage at the rate of two to three per cent of the weight of the hogs per day.

## SILAGE LACKING IN PROTEIN

When Fed Without Some Supplementary Feed Less Satisfactory Results Are Obtained.

Silage is lacking in protein and should be supplemented by some concentrate high in protein. When fed without this supplementary feed, less satisfactory results can be expected than when it is properly supplemented. The most economical and most satisfactory proportion in which to feed cottonseed meal to fattening cattle receiving silage is approximately 2.5 pounds daily a thousand pounds of live weight.